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How an Elephant Killed Savage Game.

Mr. Laurence Oliphant, in his reminiscences of sporting in India, describes a maneuver executed by an elephant, which shows good generalship on the part of that animal. He tells the story with evident satisfaction:

I once shot a boar, paralyzing his hind quarters without killing him. I had been having good sport, and had only two or three bullets left. With the prospect of still needing these, I did not like to waste a ball on an animal unable to move, and thought of getting down to dispatch him with my knife.

"Stop!" said the mahout, when he learned my intention; "that is quite unnecessary. I will tell the elephant to kill him."

The mahout accordingly communicated his instructions to the elephant, who evidently did not relish them. The more the mahout urged him to advance on the boar the more the latter showed his angry tusks and the more the elephant backed away from him.

Suddenly, as the result of repeated goading, the latter seemed to make up his great mind. He wheeled sharply round, backed upon the boar, got him between his hind legs, and fairly ground him up—I heard all his bones cracking.—*Youth's Companion.*

FLAGS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The Confederacy had four flags, by the way, and not two, as is generally stated, besides the various State flags carried by some of the regiments. The familiar "stars and bars" was adopted in March, 1861, while the capital of the Confederacy was still at Montgomery, and first waved above the old State House in Alabama. There were three horizontal bars, two red and one white, with nine white stars in a circle on a blue union in the upper left-hand corner. This was so much like the old gridiron that it led to confusion and mistakes in the field, and in September of the same year a battle flag was adopted—a red flag with thirteen white stars displayed in blue stripes crossing the red field diagonally, the whole having a narrow border. In 1863 the "stars and bars" was supplanted by a flag with a white field, having the battle flag in the corner for a union, and on the 4th of February, 1865, in order that this might not be mistaken for a flag of truce, the outer half of the field beyond the union was covered with a vertical red stripe. This was the last flag of the Confederacy.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

The Post of Peril.

"I want you," said the editor of a St. Louis paper, "to go down and interview General Sherman." The reporter calmly laid down his note-book and pencil, tendering his unconditional resignation. "And wherefore?" demanded the editor. "Because," said the reporter, "you permitted the last man assigned to interview General Sherman to be buried in an obscure grave in potter's field, with only a ten-line obituary, away off among the soap and tooth-powder notices. You cannot expect men to lay down their lives for a cause so ungrateful." You may have noticed that your old Uncle Billy isn't being interviewed quite as frequently of late as is Mr. Powderly, for instance.—*Burdette.*

Novel Uses for Gravestones.

Nothing goes on in an uninterrupted career in this world, and even gravestones come now and then and to strange uses. In a village in Maine, for instance, a farmer, having waxed in fortune until he was able to replace the slate gravestones in his family burial lot by marble, was too thrifty to throw the old slabs away. He therefore utilized them as door stones, so that all visitors to the kitchen and the diary trod upon inscriptions gradually fading away, which, with scriptural phrase and the cheerful overseeing of triangular-visaged cherubs, recorded the names, the virtues, and the untimely taking off of the forefathers of the thrifty farmer.

In another Maine village is, or was, a boarding school for young ladies, in the kitchen of which a large white marble slab, sacred to the memory of a worthy woman, whom it described as having died in the Lord, was used as a kneading board. Now and then a loaf of bread after it was moulded would rest for a moment or two on the deeply cut inscription, and the pupils averred—how truthfully the editor makes no pretense of being able to determine—that they had been able to decipher bits of the words printed on the bottom of the slices of bread.

But perhaps the most remarkable fate for a tombstone was that which befell the moss-grown slab in an English churchyard. An American parvenu of the same family name as that of the man whose death the stone recorded purchased the stone of a dishonest sexton and brought it home with her. It is now set into the wall of her sumptuously appointed New York library, besides a fictitious pedigree, which lies to all beholders by tracing the family of the present owner back to that of the man whose name is on the stone. As he has been dead 170 years he is probably beyond caring for such things, else Mrs. Parvenu might have good reason to expect a call from his ghost some night, come to reclaim his gravestone.—*Boston Courier*

What They Say.

A CITY girl recently went to visit her grandfather in the country. She is fond of milk, but refused to drink any while there. Her mother asked why she would not drink the milk. She answered: "I know where grandpa gets it. I saw him getting it."—*Our Dumb Animals.*

"O, I FEEL so bad," said a Hartford 6-year-old; "I guess it must be my conscience." "Why, my dear," queried her mother, "you haven't been telling any wrong stories, have you?" "O, dear, no. But I did eat too much dinner, and my conscience aches right here," pressing hard on the most painful spot childhood carries.—*Hartford Post.*

WHEN the snow began falling recently a little tot of 5 years stood in front of the family residence on Washington avenue for a few moments and watched the little round flakes in open-mouthed astonishment. Then he dropped the handle of his little wagon and ran for the house. "Mamma! mamma!" he exclaimed, "it's raining pills!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

LITTLE NELL—Mamma, my doll's broke her head. Mamma—You careless child, how did that happen? "She broke her head her own self; she tumbled off the chair." "Now see here, Nell, dolls can't tumble off chairs themselves." "Why, yes they can, mamma; tumbling off is easy enough. It's holding on that they can't do."—*Omaha World.*

LET your character be as firm as granite and the shafts of your enemies cannot harm it.

Souvenirs in Watch-Cases.

In four out of every five watches brought us to be regulated, repaired, or cleaned we find some token. Sometimes it is a bit of ribbon or a lock of hair or a rose petal. But oftener it's a four-leafed clover. The four-leaf clover is a love token always. It is by the maiden fair given to her lover, who tenderly stores it away in the back of his watch-case and forgets all about it. When his watch goes wrong he takes it to a jeweler and doesn't think of the relic it contains. It is difficult always to keep these things straight, and once in awhile we mix them up.

One fellow came in a short time ago and registered a kick. He took out of his watch a tiny bit of blonde hair, tied with a piece of pink ribbon, and told me in good round terms that it had got him into trouble. "I brought my watch here a couple of weeks ago to be regulated, and forgot to take out a four-leafed clover I had in the back of it. I didn't think any more about it until last night, when my girl looked in the back case to see if the clover was still there. When she found this lock of blonde hair she fixed me with a cold, glittering glance and offered me back my ring. I put in the next hour trying to explain that I didn't know anything about the infernal blonde hair, and I didn't meet with flattering success. Now, if you don't hunt up that clover I'll make more trouble in your old store than a deputy sheriff. And you've got to give me a written statement that you put this blonde hair in my watch, or I'll prosecute you for malicious mischief. You hear me?"

Well, I forsaw trouble in the air, but took the yellow hair and pink ribbon and laid it away, and in a day or two a middle-aged man came in with wrath all over his face. "What in thunder do you mean by disrupting a man's family peace?" he began, as he pulled out his watch and took a four-leaf clever out of the back case. "Do you want to break up a loving household and get me into the divorce court? I left my watch here with a lock of my wife's hair in it, and last night she found this measly four-leef clover in place of it. I've carried that bit of hair ever since we were engaged, and if I don't get it back you had better move to some other town. What d'ye mean, anyway? I never picked a four-leaf clover in my life, nor did my wife, either. I wouldn't go through the row I had last night again for your whole store. Now, you hustle and get me back my own keep-sake."

I produced it and explained how it occurred, and his brow cleared. "Now I think of it," he said, as he started to go, "just you write me a letter and tell how this happened, and sign it and seal it for all you're worth. Women never believe a man unless he lies to 'em, and I want something to save me further trouble." I did so, and he departed with his mind at rest.

The other young man came in in a day or two and said he desired to make his regular Thursday evening call, and wanted his four-leaf clover and the accompanying affidavit. He got them both.—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

ALUMINIUM BY A NEW PROCESS.

A patent has recently been granted in France for the extraction of aluminium from its oxide by the combined action of carbon, sulphide of carbon, and heat. Aluminous carbon is obtained by mixing powdered alumin with 40 per cent. by weight, of powdered charcoal or lamp-black; to this mixture is added a sufficient quantity of any oil or tar to form a thick paste. This paste is placed in a closed vessel capable of standing a high temperature, and is calcined to a red heat for the purpose of decomposing the oil or tar, and the coherent mass of aluminous carbon thus obtained is broken up in small pieces. The pieces are placed in a closed vessel provided with pipes, one of which leads a current of gaseous sulphuret of carbon into the mass until the reaction is complete, and the other allows of the escape of the carbonic oxide produced. The sulphuret of aluminium thus obtained is treated at a red heat in a closed vessel having pipes, with a current of carbonated hydrogen. The latter unites with the sulphur, producing sulphuretted hydrogen, leaving the pure aluminium,

How to Get a Crowded House.

First Actor.—I am going to have my benefit next Saturday night.

Second Actor—Are you?

"Yes, but I am puzzled to know how I'm going to fill the house."

"That's easy enough done."

"But how?"

"Invite your creditors."—*Texas Siftings.*

HUMOR.

A MAN is sometimes called a perfect stranger when he is imperfect in nearly every particular.

SMITH—Isn't old Goblins a spiritualist? Brown—Well—kind of—he's a distiller.—*Detroit Free Press.*

BASE-BALL is as old as the world, as is proven by the first line in Genesis: "In the big inning," etc.—*Texas Siftings.*

WHEN a man attempts to warm his hands over a hotel register it is high time to inquire into his mental condition.—*Hotel Mail.*

HE (desirable catch)—How slender Miss Willoughby is! She—Yes, and they say her mother was just like her once. She weighs 240 now.—*Life.*

IT is sad to see family relics sold at auction, but the most painful thing under the hammer is generally your thumb-nail.—*Boston Bulletin.*

"HELLO, Brown! Have you any new factories going up at Hellebore, this fall?" "Yes; our powder-factory went up last week."—*Burlington Free Press.*

A NOTED doctor says that onions are the best nervine known. It isn't the man who eats the onions who exhibits the nerve; it is the man who hob-nobs with him.—*Evansville Tribune.*

THERE is no period of a girl's life at which she is not beautiful and charming and all that; but it must be confessed that it is as a bride that she takes the cake.—*Nashville American.*

A PAPER asks: "Is there a wife in the city to-day who makes her husband's shirts?" The following answer was received by return of post: "I do, but he won't wear 'em."—*Otago Witness.*

"HOW is it you have so many young men call on you?" asked a jealous girl. "Because," was the reply, "father has the gout in one foot and the rheumatism in the other; besides, we don't keep a dog."

THE *Derrick* is the only newspaper in town that had a representative on the rotten veranda yesterday when it fell eighteen feet into the creek. We always get there with both feet.—*Oil City Derrick.*

"DOES the masculine embrace both sexes?" is a question that has often been discussed. As for us, we have observed that the masculine embraces one sex much more than it does the other.—*Texas Siftings.*

BROWN (to Robinson, who is reading a telegram with a look of anguish on his face)—What's the matter, old fellow? Somebody dead? Robinson (crushing telegram with both hands)—No; somebody alive, b'thunder! Twins!

THEY went to see the city,
Two of the rural class;
And one blew in his money,
And one blew out the gas.
The one that blew the gas out
Was buried yesterday;
Dead is the other also—
Dead broke, that is to say.
—*Boston Courier.*

"PA," said little Johnny, "teacher is thinking about promoting me." "How do you know?" "From what she said to-day." "And what was that?" "She said that if I kept on I'd belong to the criminal class."—*Merchant Traveler.*

TELEPHONIC TRICK PLAYED OUT.
The 'phone bell rings, and the hotel clerk
The receiver yanks with a spiteful jerk,
And "Who is it?" loudly hollers.
The answer comes, in a voice that's thick:
"I'm J. Q. Jones, and I'm awful sick;
Please send me fifty dollars."
Now J. Q. Jones is a patron who
Has stopped at the house since '52,
And never used the 'phone.
So the hotel clerk, with an oak-bound jerk,
Shuts up the 'phone and returns to work,
And leaves bogus Jones alone.
—*Hotel Mail.*

Taken at His Word.

Prince Bismarck is a great smoker, and on one occasion, when about to light his cheroot, observed to a friend that "the value of a good cigar is best understood when it is the last you possess, and there is no chance of getting another." This reminds us of an anecdote the late Judge Lochrane used to tell on himself.

"I was journeying," he said, "between Augusta and Atlanta with Judge ——. As I smoked one cigar after another I handed the mate, almost automatically, to my traveling companion, who put the weeds I gave him into the upper pocket of his vest. When we reached Stone Mountain I felt in my own pocket for a cigar, but none could be found. The desire to smoke growing by the prohibition from exhaustion of the supply, provoked me to exclaim emphatically, 'I would give $5 for a cigar this very minute.' Judge —— pulled out the half dozen Victorias I had given him from time to time, and said: 'Lochrane, you can take your pick of these at the sum named!'"—*Anniston (Ala.) Hot Blast.*

HE who does not look before, lags behind.

Grant's First Start in Life.

The old white oak at Ironton, Mo., under which Gen. U. S. Grant was sitting when he received his first commission as a Brigadier General, although not mentioned in the history of the great war, is the scene of an important turning point in the history of the great leader. The tree is just about the center of the Arcadia Valley. It stands back from the old country road on a slight elevation and is reached from the south by crossing a tumbled down foot bridge across a crooked little creek, which winds its way down toward the river. Almost from under the roots of the tree trickles a little spring of clear water, which has lately been inclosed in a marble basin, fittingly inscribed with the motto: "He Came. He Drank. He Went to Victory." Over the spring kneels an angel in bronze with out stretched wings and clasped hands as if asking a benediction. A few steps away is the monument of a United States soldier in full uniform leaning on the muzzle of his musket, his face turned toward the tree as if he were a sentinel placed there to watch the sacred spot. The soldier monument was erected by the survivors of Grant's first command in the war of the Union, the Twenty-first Illinois Volunteers. On the pedestal of the statue is the inscription:—"Erected to the Memory of U. S. Grant by the Twenty-first Illinois Volunteers.

General Grant had just been appointed colonel of a very demoralized regiment. After many trials he had reached what to him was the limit of his capacity as a military leader, as he himself stated in his letter to the Adjutant General of the army. He directed him to take his regiment to Quincy, Ill., where he demonstrated his ability to practically prepare troops for active service. While on his way to Quincy he was ordered to go to Ironton, Mo., and there look after the railroad property at that place. At that time there was quite a post situtated in the valley under the command of B. Gratz Brown, there being a fort on Shepherd Mountain and one on Pilot Knob. The latter was afterward evacuated. On his arrival at Ironton Grant went into camp to await transportation by boat. Here commenced his real military career. Up to this time his ambition had not aspired higher than the position of Colonel, which he had obtained. Meanwhile he had been under discussion at Washington, the entire delegation recommending him most highly to the President, who conferred upon him his first star, the commission dating May 17, 1861, nearly a month before he was appointed colonel and before he even applied for the command.

He was totally unaware of what was going on regarding him at headquarters, and it was while sitting under the old tree a messenger rode up to the camp and delivered the Colonel the papers which made him a General and started him on his great career.

He was immediately put in charge of the Missouri district, which included Southern Missouri, Southern Illinois, and Western Kentucky and Tennessee, and made his headquarters at St. Louis.

A few months after the post in the Arcadia Valley was removed as the operations went southward, but the old oak will stand for many generations to commemorate the event.—*St. Louis Post-Despatch.*

FOLLOWING is a list of the centenarians who have died in the United States the past year:

Garland Moore, Morrow, Mo., 102; Jean Baptiste Porthier, Milwaukee, Wis., 108; Simpson Harris, Brazil, Ind., 109; Maria Delaney, Brooklyn, N. Y., 101; Hannah Ely, Chicago, 100; Sophia Congdon, Williamantic, Conn., 110; John Carroll, Delaware, 110; Mrs. O. C. Clarke, Springfield, Mass., 102; Belinda Bartholomew, Harwinton, Conn., 100; Ansey D. Wheis, Dahlonega, Ga., 106; John Walters, Detroit, Mich., 108; Philip O'Brien, Chicago, 103; Mary Manning, Wakefield, Mass., 105; Marvin Smith, New London County, R. I., 102; Louis Gaudin, Woonsocket, R. I., 109; Collins Brown, Fitchville, Ohio, 100; Martin Schneider, Fort Wayne, Ind., 102: James Smith, Freeport, Ill., 102; Catharine Bood, Essex, Vt., 103; Catharine Reed, Essex, Vt., 101; Amy Avante, colored, Clarendon, S. C., 123 (?); Daniel Podrich, Shelbyville, Ind., 102; Francis Rondo, Fond du Lac, Wis., 100; Peggy Hester, Fort Plain, N. Y., 119; Asa C. Paine, Burgin, Ky., 100; Catharine Van Buren Seaman, New York City, 106; Mrs. Barry, Astol, Mass., 106; Hirsch Harris, New York City, 109; Huldah Dary, Taunton, Mass., 100; Mrs. J. W. Smith, New Orleans, La., 100; Miss Mattie McVey, West Florence, N. Y., 100; Sarah Brown, Camden, O., 101; James Dumphy, Norwich, Conn., 106; Robert Cratty, Prospect, O., 103; Jeffrey Wilson, Mechanicsburg, O., 115; Nathan Wood, Mercer, Me., 100; Mrs. Paradis, Grosvendordale, Conn., 110; Mrs. Mary Yearley, Newark, Ohio, 105; Maria Kennedy, Cementville, Ind., 102; Elizabeth M. Putnam, Dahvers, Mass., 102; Edmond Montgomery, Americus, Ga., 102; Sarah H. Kerr, Beverly, N. Y., 100; Harriet Bailey, colored, Louisville, Ky., 108; Lucy L. Luther, Hadlyme, Conn., 103; Sarah Klinck, Peoria, Ill., 105; John Vanpiper, Elizabethtown, Ill., 115; J. Yocum, Valley Bend, West Virginia, 106; Polly Wear, Verona, N. Y., 101; Isaacs Clarke, New Haven, Conn., 109; Catharine Paxton, Wilkesbarre, Pa., 101; John Chandler, Concord, N. H., 103; Dewey Miller, Byron, N. Y., 100; Jane W. Edgcombe, Damariscotta, Me., 102; Alfred Cowles, San Diego, Cal., 100; Joanna Gilmartin, Hillsboro, Ohio, 105; Jane Cullins, colored, Nashville, Tenn., 118; Thomas Parsons, Brooklyn, N. Y., 100.

PITH AND POINT.

IN a nut-shell—The worm.—*Puck.*

AN actor knows his lines when they are cast in pleasant places.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

IT is the dry-goods clerk who most frequently sales under false colors.—*New Haven News.*

GIANTS are not particularly happy. An overgrown man has a grewsome look.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

THE difference between Chicago and Utah is that Chicago doesn't assume hat its bigamy is right.—*Judge.*

THE manufacturers of soda-water night form a pool by opening all their fountains at once.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

IT may seem paradoxical, but a man must have some push to him to pull through life with more than ordinary success.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THERE were only two railway accidents of any consequence yesterday. Death is apparently away somewhere enjoying the holidays.—*Nebraska State Journal.*

ALDERMAN (to his guest after a good dinner)—'Elp y'shelf! Recollec' every bo'le o' champagne we drink provi'sh employment for the workin' classhesh!—*London Punch.*

A TRAMP'S philosophy—"When a woman merely dislikes a thing she throws cold water on it. When she hates it like pizen she throws hot water on it."—*Burlington Free Press.*

"I GENERALLY pick my company," said Mrs. Yeast, haughtily. "Yes, I am aware of it," replied Mrs. Crimsonbeak, sarcastically; "but you wait until after they have left your house and then you pick them to pieces."

TIMID young suitor who has won consent of papa—And now may I ask you, sir, whether ah—whether your daughter has any domestic accomplishments? Papa (sarcastically)—Yes, sir; she sometimes knits her brows.

"AH, sir," exclaimed a Scotch elder, in a tone of pathetic recollection, "our late minister was the man! He was a powerful preacher; for i' the short time he delivered the word amang us, he knocked three pulpits to pieces, and dang the insides out o' five Bibles!"

THE flexibility of the English language is shown in the reply of an Irishman to a man who sought refuge in his shanty in a heavy shower, and finding it about as wet inside as out, said: "You have quite a pond on the floor." "Yis; shure we have a great lake in the roof."

"WILLIE, who was fed by the ravens?" "What is a raven?" "Don't you know, and you an editor's son? Why, a raven is a bird like a crow." "Then I guess it must have been dad." "Why?" "I heard him say yesterday that he had been eating crow ever since the 'lection, and he was sick of it."

"DID you say that I never missed a drink, sir?" a man demanded of his neighbor in an angry and threatening manner. "I may have done so," was the reply. "But I never drink and you know it!" "Then you never miss it, do you?" That put the matter in a different light and they took a smoke together.—*Siftings.*

MAN (to editor)—Why is your paper opposed to the American party? Editor—W'y, it would not do to advocate the principles of such an organization. "Why?" "Oh, well, in a reactionary way, my party would lose the foreign vote." "Yes, but, in catering too plainly to the foreign vote, might you not lose the native American vote?" "Native American vote! Why, my dear sir, we care nothing for such feeble support. But tell me, is their a native American vote?"—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A Roland for an Oliver.

Capt. Jack Mellon is a practical joker who never loses his temper even when the joke is against him. One day a convivial crowd in a Truthful James saloon sent for him to come there immediately. He went supposing important business was on hand, and found an able speaker saying: "Gentlemen, I promised to show you a wonderful agricultural product, in fact the biggest Mellon ever raised in the south; here it is." Capt. Jack took in the situation and said: "It is on me, boys; order what you like." After the beer had disappeared Capt. Jack said in his smiling and sweetest way: "Now, gentlemen, I wish to introduce to your notice something still more wonderful in the agricultural line, and will now show you the biggest beet in the world." Every one present turned immediately to the man who had put up the melon job, and the captain gracefully retired.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

GEORGE MILLER died at Akron, O., aged 80. His coffin was made out of lumber from a cherry tree which he planted nearly sixty years ago, remarking that he would grow lumber for his own coffin.